# THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS' AND GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write mining on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.

2. Use hen and ink, not pencil.

2. Short and pointed articles with be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.

4. Original stories or letters only will be used.

5. Write your name, age and address plainty of the bottom of the stery.

Address all communications to Un-cle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that!
Whatever you say—Be true!
Straighttorwardly act,
Be honest—in fact,
Be nobody else but you."

### POETRY.

### Little -Oh-Dear.

See, what a wonderful garden is here, Planted and trimmed for my Little-Oh-Dear! Posies so gaudy and grass of such brown—
Search ye the country and hunt ye
the town And never ye'll meet with a garden so queer

As this one I've made for my Little-Oh-Dear!

Marigolds white and buttercups blue, Lilles all dabbled with honey and Lilies all dabbled with honey and dew.

The cactus that trails over trellis and wall, Rosies and pansies and violets—all Make proper obesience and reveren cheer When into her garden steps Little-Oh-Dear.

And up at the top of that lavender A silver bird singeth as only can she; For, ever and only, she singeth the song
"I love you—I love you," the happy
day long;
Then the echo—the echo, that smitch
me here;
I love you, I love you, my Little-OhDear!

The garden may wither, the silver bird fly— But what careth my little precious, From her pathway of flowers that in springtime upstart She walketh the tendered way in my

heart
And, oh, it is always the summer
time here With that song of "I love you," my Little-Oh-Dear!

### UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

Beware of the thought "I've nothing to do!" for that is the seed thought for the habit of idleness. There is always something to do in this world and we are all so ex-

travagant in the waste of time. While we have nothing to do we might add to memory a new word, bring in a pail of water or a little wood for mother, or we might apply

the mements to some useful purpose for ourselves. used the moments of the noon hour which most idle away, an din two years he had learned two languages besides his own, and in three years

had doubled his earnings because of his knowledge. Uncle Jed has known two men who learned German when other men think they are too old to learn. One was a doctor past 60 who studied German and translated into English one of the ablest medical works from

prophet Elisha after the mantle, or cloak, of Elijah had fallen upon him, and he had been to the river Jordan and the waters had been healed, and going from thence and while mounting a hill this crowd of curious, wondering children cried out to Elisha: "Go up, thou bald-head! Go up, thou bald-head! Go up, thou bald-head! The property of the Lisha was a curious them in the agment the lisha and the curious them in the agment the lisha and the curious them in the agment the lishal to the curious them in the agment the lishal to the curious them in the agment the lishal to the curious them in the agment the lishal to the curious them in the agment the lishal to the curious them in the agment the lishal to the curious the

children cried out to Elisha: "Go up, thou bald-head!" Go up, thou bald-head!" And Elisha looked back and cursed them in the name of the Lord; and there came forth two she bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of them.

children of them.

began the study of German and acquired the ability to translate from

Norwich

Do you know people who have something to do can never get their work completed and I have no doubt many of them die without ever having completed the work they had

It is not a bad habit to have a great deal more work planned than you can possibly do. There are many things workers have to do and some they do not enjoy. It is really rest to be doing the things they love to do whenever they have an opportunity.

The worker whether he works the soil, or work in woods or metals is setting something money cannot buy. Experience and skill have to be earn-

ed because they cannot be bought. If you are simply looking for beautiful contrasts or for ideas among men you are not idling but gathering Knowledge. The use of the eyes and ears as well as the hands indicates you are doing something.

People who have nothing to do in this world are short-sighter and energyless; and those who want nothing to do are ignorant of the fact that action prolongs life and idleness promotes decay.

There is so much to do in life and so much to enjoy that there is no reason why any one should have time hanging heavily on their hands.

You often hear the poor, weak invalid say: "If I could only do something. If I could only waite upon myself I should not be such a care.' They yearn for health and activity. No one of sense enjoys idleness. Our ability and joy in life are really increased by work.

Do not think "There's nothing to do." There is a lack of doers. more of the right kind of work was done life would be more comfortable and better for all of us.

### WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1. Helen Wisneskie, of Yantic-The Automobile Girls in the Berkshires. 2 Nancy Tetrault, of Versailles— Grace Harlowe's Plebe Year at High School

3 Agnes White, of Stafford Springs -A Happy Discipline. 4 Anna M. Marshall, of Norwich-Miss Charity's House.

5 Lucy A. Carter, of Hampton-The Motor Club of Nantucket.

6 Myron Ringland, of Norwich Town-Fussbudget's Folks.

8 Hildred Spicer, of Bristol-The

Winners of books living in the city may call at the Bulletin business of-fice for them at any hour after 10 a. m. on Thursday.

# LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mary McDonnell, of Versailles-I received the prize book. The Automobile Girls at Palm Beach. I thank you for it. I have read it. I think is very interesting. Ada Marriott, of Oneco-J thank you

very much for the book I received quite a while ago. The name was "Little Prudy's Sister Susy." I have been so busy I haven't had time to write before. I have been wanting some of those books for a long time. I am going to write another letter

Frank Pardy, of Norwich-I thank

# Anna Rabiwitz, of Norwich-I received the prize book from you, for which I thank you very much. LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

Lucy Wins First Prize. Lucy Wins First Prize.

Uncle Jed and Wide-Awakes: As school is out and it is vacation time, I will now write again, as it has been quite a while since I wrote to you. In my last letter I wrote and told you I was trying to win the prize on egg masses. Now I suppose you would all like to know how many I gathered? I will say I won the first prize on them in school. I gathered 7.400, which was the most in school.

There was a boy in school who gathered 4.700. Wasn't it rather funny he should have just enough to have the figures turned around from which I had?

The sum of money which I won was \$3. I thought I had gathered about all there was on our farm, but when they began to batch out I found I did not

began to hatch out I found I did not get them all by any means.

I hope all the Wide-Awakes will have a good time this vacation.

I will say I was one of the Wide-Awakes who had the opportunity to go to the Social Corner pionic at Coventry lake. I had a good time and met some of the Wide-Awake girls there, and we had a joily time together. It did not take us long to get acquainted.

I hope I may have a chance to meet

I hope I may have a chance to meet with them again some time, and also meet some of the rest of the Wide-

Hoping Uncle Jed and all of the Wide-Awakes are well, I will close with best wishes for the Wide-Awake LUCY A. CARTER, Age 12.

He Wished for a Camera. Dear Uncle Jed: This morning I was walking in the woods after a few good straddles for the frame of a summer house.

The woods were cold, for it was cloudy. I listened to the birds, and finally a flying robin caught my attention; then my eyes caught sight of a deer. It was a doe. It was a light fawn color. I took particular notice of the sim legs which afford it such fast running power. Its head was small and its tail was white and seemed to be transfer our like a result of the standard was small and the standard was small as the standard was small wa ed to be standing up like a rabbit's. It did not see me, for it was cropping

did not see me, for it was cropping wild grass. Soon it went back a few yards and I followed, for its graceful form has a fascination for my eyes.

I soon came to a wall and looked through it, and lo! there was another deer. It was a fawn; probably the old one was its mother. It appeared to be. It was a pretty sight.

Some boys would have said: "If I only had a gun!" But no such thing occurred to me. I would say in preference: "If I only had a camera." I could not, or would not, harm one.

I little thought there were deer in this vicinity; and I fear dogs will disturb them. They would make a good addition to the deer family at Mohegan park.

gan park.

### MYRON RINGLAND. Norwich Town.

Ada Loves Cherries and the Birds. Dear Uncle Jed: We have just fin-ished picking cherries. We have one large tree and several small ones. The cherries are red. They are nice and sweet and I enjoy picking them.

Every day the birds come into the tree, and some of them seem to say: "Cherries red! Cherries ripe! Cherries

"Cherries red! Cherries ripe! Cherries three—three cherries!"
Sometimes I sit in the tree and for a long time listen to their songs. There are all kinds of birds, the golden robin or Baltimore oriole, the firebird or scarlet tanager, the catbird, which is a beautiful maltese, the brown thrush, and there is a pretty dark bird with black and red, the blue jay, and the wild canary. and the wild canary.

There is a honeysuckle on our veran-

da and it is pleasant to sit and watch the humming birds among the blosthe humming birds among the blos-soms. They come a great many times The squirrels also like cherries; and I also like cherries and I love the little

ADA E. RINGLAND, Age 11.

An Inquiry. Dear Uncle Jed: -I always used to

vonder which was the better rooster of these in a fight.
I've had three roosters that puzzled me much. Their names were Ned.
Ted and Jack. Jack could easily whip
Ted in a fight. Ted could whip Ned,
and Ned could defeat Jack. Now,
which was the better rooster? It often occurred this way, but this puzzled

severely. Once they got together and fought. They were named Brave and Cottontall. Cottontall won the day.

Norwich Town.
[The Victor is the one winning a battle. The better bird is the one of most skill and endurance from this viewpoint.—Editor].

# The Distribution of Diplomas

The commercial graduates from our high school gave a play a week ago Saturday and it was very comical. The name of the play wasc "Mrs. Briggs of the Poultry Yard."

Last Tuesday night all the graduates went to the opera house to receive their diplomas. Invitations were given for parents and friends. Our family was invited. The graduates and the for parents and friends. Our family was invited. The graduates and the eighth grade had to sit upon the platform. A few of them gave a recitation, After the diplomas were given out the graduates presented the principal with a silver loving cup. Then the band played, while four little girls

I have to go to a birthday party to-morrow afternoon. The girl belongs to our club and so she has invited all

### LHAMAN BREHAUT. East Norwich, Long Island, N. Y.

day party over to my cousins. She was seven years old, June 13, 1914. She had ten children counting her

I brought her some goods for a dress. We had lemonade, cookies, cake, bananas, ice cream, candy and other I hope other Wide-Awakes go to a party sometime,
AGNES KAMINSKI., Age 11.
Norwich.

you very much for the nice prize book o'clock when we started out for a picnic in the woods. There were six girls
besides myself. We came into a large
woods filled with flowers which we
girls had picked out the day before.
After walking about ten minutes we
came to a large opening in the woods
through which ran a little brook.
After refreshing ourselves by the
brookside, we prepared for our lunch.
We spread a white clean cloth on the
grass. We had cake, sandwiches, pies
and other things, and for a dessert we
had fruit. After luncheon we played
games until one of the girls cried:
"Look!"
We all looked around and say Veronica F. V. Tucker, of Versailles

I received the prize book entitled
"Grace Harlowe's Junior Year at High
School." I have finished reading it
and find it very interesting. I thank
you many times for it.

"Look!"

We all looked around and saw a small deer looking at us. He was rightened when he saw us and with a few bounds he was out of sight. He was a pretty deer to look at, so we wished we had not frightened him.

Then we had not frightened him.

Then we had not frightened him.

Then we had not frightened him. Then we had not frightened him.

Then we had not frightened him.

Then we had not frightened him.

Then we had not frightened him.

Then we had not frightened him.

Then we had not frightened him.

Then we had not frightened him.

LINA KRIEGER, Age 11.

The Little White-Haired Woman, The Little White-Haired Woman.

Dear Uncle Jed: When I went to
risit my aunt one summer I was not
here many days before I discovered
flown the street from her house a little
shop. I entered more from curlosity
han from anything else.

As I opened the door a bell rang,
nummoning the sweetest little woman I
wer saw. Her soft white hair curled
around her face like a halo, and made
a picture with her white apron and
rap.

I glanced around, and everything was

I glanced around, and everything was neat as wax everywhere. The little glass show case, the tray containing postcards, all glittered and shone, as though scoured hard.

At length I spoke and in the clearest little voice, like a waterfall, she answered me, and I bought some postcards from her.

I went there many times that summer, and we became well acquainted. I was real sorry to leave her when my visit was over, but I have never forgotten her, and when I go into a little shop I always look inquiringly around as though half expecting to see a little white-haired women trip out and ask me in a voice clear as a waterfall if I would like to buy.

HILDRED SPICER, Age 14.

Bristol.

### BristoL Savannah, Ga.

Savannah, Ga.

Dear Uncle Jed:—Savannah is one of the most beautiful cities in America. Its early history is a poem. Governor Oglethorpe was one of the world's benefactors, great in mind, in heart, and in inspiration. He ascended the Savannah river eighteen miles, saw a fine biuff and on it he resolved to found a city, and make the city a home for the oppressed people of the earth.

To the bluff, Oglethorpe brought his

earth.

To the bluff, Ogiethorpe brought his colony; and the forest city was begun on the first day of February 1733, the time of the real southern spring. Savannah was a truly American town from the first. She sent to Boston the powder that was used at the "battle of Bunker Hill", Savannah has always remembered and honored her heroes.

It is a city of squares and groves.

It is a city of squares and groves and airy homes, surrounded with gar-dens of flowers that bloom all the

One of the most beautiful resorts is Bonaventure Cemetery, about four miles from the city. The spot has been well named—Arcadia.

No cemetery in the world is so endowed by nature with poetic beauty.

ADA RINGLAND,

Norwich, Conn.

### STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE AWAKES.

Bellevue Hospital. Last week we had to take the Regents' examinations on East 21st street. As we were near Believue hos-pital, my friend and I thought we would like to see it.

It is a very large building, made of brown stone, near the Harlem river It takes up nearly a block. Outside the windows are small plazzas, which the sick people use during the hot summer days.

summer days.

The examining room is on the wharf. This room is very large and all kinds of people wait there to be examined by the different doctors. After they are examined they are given a large of paper on which their distinctions of paper on which their distinctions in Latin. silps of paper on which their dis-easts are sometimes written in Latin. Then, if the people are not sent to the hospital they are sent to either Hart's Blackwell's, Ward's, or Ran-Hart's Blackwell's, Ward's, or Ran-dall's Islands to be again eexamined. It was so interesting to watch them, that my friend and I planned to go over to these islands during our sum-

# New York, N. Y. E. H., Age 12.

The Little Violet Partner. Resamund awoke and strained her ears to catch the sound of the music that called to her so persistently. She recognized it as the "Flower Song," her music teacher had given her yesterday to practice. Finally, she slipped out of bed, crept down the stairs and stopped at the music room. She pushed aside the curtains and there a scene so beautiful met her eyes that she stopped in astonishment.

that she stopped in astonishment.

The music room was very large; chairs which were usually scattered against the wall and the fables which last night were so covered with flowers were devoid of a single one. Rosamund rubbed her eyes vigorously to make sure she was not dreaming. Oh! how beautiful a scene it was. The curtains at the windows had been drawn aside and through them shone the moon. The man in the moon (Rosamund had always liked him) was smiling and nodding merrily. Thousands of fire flies flitted here and there with their little lanterns and

they and the moon made the room bright as day.

A few elderly ladies were seated talking with bachelor-buttons attired in blue or pink trousers and coats, green neckties and the conventional green hose and slippers, who tried not to stammer in embarassment.

Among those seated was a pretty little violet dressed in white and wearing tiny green slippers. She sat spart from the others, hands folded and a sad expression on her face. "Perhaps its because she's the only violet in the room," thought Rosa-mund who had slipped to a seat and

mund who had slipped to a seat and was watching the dancers.

Pansies, dressed in blue or yellow velvet swept by on the arms of bold petinias dressed entirely in red save for the green hose. Morning glories dressed in pale pink, blue or white appeared here and there dancing with gentlemen merning glories dressed in dark blue, pink or white. Beautiful orchids danced languidly by casting ravishing glances upon their partners, for the most part, hollyhocks also sdressed in white.

Tall, haughty roses (American

dressed in white,
Tail, haughty roses (American
Beauties) dressed in red satin leaned
on the arms of cactuses. Psonies
glided gracefully by clad in pink or
white or red. Their partners were
usually ferns. Other ferns danced
with shy greenclad maiden hairs; and
there were also one or two asters there were also one or two asters prettily dressed in purple who captivated all the gentlemen by their sweetness and won black looks from the ladies.

the bacheler buttons approached her, and evidently asked her something for she smiled and shook her head. He left her and came up to a group of gentlemen composed of morning skries, pansies and petunias standing near Rosamund.

"Why don't you dance with Miss Violet." Rosamund heard him ask. One of the petunias lifted his nose scornfuily. "We wouldn't dance with a common wild flower," he declared.

"You dance with her, said the bachelor button, appaaling to a pansy. "I think not," returned the pansy.

"Very well. Wait until the East Wind comes, said the bachelor-button. At this the group frowned and turned away uneasily.

"I believe that they are afraid of the East Wind," thought Rosamund.

This was quite true. The hot-house flowers didn't like wild flowers, Nor did they like the East Wind who scorned hot-house flowers. They also were afraid of him for he blew them about when he could. But they weren't going to dance with a common wild flower! No, indeed!

The dancing was at its height when pouf! out blew the fredles lanterns, the moon hid behind a cloud and down came the rain.

"Oh! that spiteful East Wind!" cried one of the ladies.

Soon a huge man surrounded by a fine grey mist floated through a window. All the flowers were in their vases now. That is, all except the little violet.

She advanced toward the East Wind who causett her wind into the

vases now. That is, all except the little violet.

She advanced toward the East Wind who caught her up into the mist, and, after showering the already ahivering flowers with rain, floated out of the room.

Rosamund had hidden behind a portierre when the East Wind came in. After waiting a little, she saw that nothing happended, so she crept, shivering to bed. It was still raining when she feel asleep.

The East Wind had a merry time with the little violet that night.

The next morning everybody wondered why the curtains in the music room were drawn and why there was so much water in the room.

Rosamund's brother wondered how his fiddler crab ever got there and her sister exclaimed "Look! there isn't a stalk left on these flowers and they are all drenched.

But nobody thought to ask Rosamund the reason, who smilled knowingly to herself.

MESS G. B.

## MISS G. B.

My Sunday School Pionic, On June thirtieth we started from this city at a quarter to ten for a new beach a little farther than Pleasant View called Atlantic Beach. We had a very pleasant trip out, especially along the Westerly road. We passed many herds of sheep grazing on the grassy hillsides. We arrived in Westerly at a quarter past eleven, and arrived at the beach at a quarter to twelve.

and arrived at the beach at a quarter to twelve.

We all got off the cars and started for the pavillion. In back of us came two tubs of Smith's delicious ice cream and also the boxes of sandwiches and cake which we were supplied with. When we got there we sat down at the tables, and we were served with sandwiches, cake and ice cream until we could eat no more.

We afterwards started to have some fun. We all started to go down a

We afterwards started to have some fun. We all started to go down a slide that was on the beach. The slide starts up in the air, you climb up a ladder and sit down, and you slide down to the foot. The bottom is made of tin and there is a piece of wood on each side of the tin so you can't slide off the edge. I went down this many times.

Another thing they had was a seesaw. This was always in use, too. I

saw. This was always in use, too. I was on it twice. I could not get it any more as it was full all the time.

There were also many benches on the sand with nice shades over them. ninder. Not many of our Sunday school

went in swimming as the waves About half past three we had some more ice cream before starting for home from a very pleasant day at Atlantic Beach.

Atlantic Beach.

We were all on the car safely and a little way from the beach when a man looked to see if everybody was there on the car. He said I was not on the car; because he could not see me, I suppose. A young man then said:

"You can't loose him."

If anyone wishes to spend a pleasant day anywhere, I think Atlantic Beach yould be a good place.

FRANK PARDY, Age 13.

Norwich.

Norwich.

# A Visit to the Woods

One summer day a party of friends and myself set out for the woods. It was in July and it was very warm. We started about two-thirty in the afternoon and took a good many of our things, as we intended to stay for

week or two.

We arrived in the woods about 5:20 and then we were very busy putting up the tents. After that we prepared lunch. We did not go to bed until late that night.

late that night.

When we awoke the next morning it was a beautiful day and all about us looked very beautiful.

After all was ready we prepared breakfast. After breakfast was over we all took a long walk out into the woods. It was very near dinner time when we got back to the camp. And then we had to get the dinner. After that we cleaned up our own tent, so

that we cleaned up our own tent, so we could do anything we wanted to all afternoon, without being disturbed. We did not go to bed until late that night as we sat up telling stories. About twelve o'clock we heard a loud About twelve o'clock we heard a loud noise. We were all very scared, as it seemed to be very near us. We went and opened the door and there stood the cutest little rabbit you ever saw. So we brought it in and gave it some milk and we have kept it ever since.

After that we had a lovely time. We stayed a long time and we expect to go again next year. to go again next year.

ANNA M. MARSHAIL.

Our Pet Dog.

Our beantiful pet dog was called Josephine. She was a colle, with soft brown eyes, and had a great deal of sense. She seemed to understand whatever was said to her, and to have many thoughts of her own besides.

One day we were going to send off some of her pretty pupples on the train. Josephine went with us to the express office, and saw the little creatures in the box ready to set out. She came home with us, but we soon missad her. We found that she had gone back alone to take leave of her pupples.

gone back alone to take leave of her pupples.

Poor Josephine came to us one evening in great ageny. She lay at our feet with her soft brown eyes ruleed, as if pleading for help. We did everything we could for our pet. A cruel man had given her poison. For three days she suffered the greatest pain, and then died. We buried her as a friend, and covered her grave with green turf and flowers.

NAMEY TETREAULT, Age 11.

Versalles.

The ires from which I was made lay for ages, buried in the ground. But one day some men dug down into the earth and found it. The iren was mixed with carbon and made into

A Picnic in the Woods.

A Picnic in the Woods.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about a picnic in the woods. It was a very good player indeed.

Resamund found herself watching was a bright spring morning about 5 the little violet interestedly. One of not be enough left to make even a content of the little violet interestedly. One of the enough left to make even a content of the little violet interestedly.

After the workman had polished me and a number of other needles, they packed us in papers ready for sale. The papers were each numbered, to tell what size we were.

I am number seven which is thought to be useful for all common work. I was then purchased with many others for a large shop in the city. This is all I know of my life.

VERONICA V. F. TUCKER, Age 10. Versailles.

Helping at Home. "How can I help at home?" says many a child. "I am too young and too small to be of any use."

Ah, my dear, where there's a will there's a way. You may not be able to sweep, or to wash, or to do hard work, but there are many ways in which you can help.

I know a little girl who is just 10 years old. Her name is Mary. Her father is dead, and her mother is often out the whole day. There are two other children, baby John and four year old Anna, and while her mother is away Mary takes care of her brother and sister.

Anna, and while her mother is away Mary takes care of her brother and sister.

She not only plays with them, but she watches over them like a little mother, so that nothing may happen to them. When they are hungry she fixes something for them to est. She holds her baby brother on her lap, and cools the hot milk so it will not burn his mouth.

She takes the children into the little garden at the back of the house, and together they follow the busy black ants that go to and from their nests. She has watched these little creatures so often that she knows their ways and how hard they work.

She shows the children the bees as they dive into the flowers for the sweet julces with which to make honey. She points out the birds carrying bits of string and straw to build their nests in the trees.

In this way Mary keeps the little ones from worrying, and when her mother comes home from her day's work she can rest, for the children are tired out and ready for bed.

You may not have to do what Mary does, but if you try you will surely find ways in which to help at homs.

HELLEN WISNESKER, Age 14.

A Country Ride.

One fine summer day as we were sitting out on our back porch, trying hard to keep cool, father came and asked us if we would like to go on a ride to the country.

Of course, we were very pleased and soon with our hats and our lunch ready for the drive.

We have a very large wagon so we had plenty of room, and lots of fan.

We passed by many fine trees, and the white laurel was so thick, that it looked like a mountain of snow.

The breeze along the country road was so enjoyable and cool, compared to the hot city breezes.

A large orchard was filed with all kinds of fruit trees, apple, pear, peach, plums; and grape-vines dimbed along the large stone wall.

At last we came in sight of grandpa's large farm.

You may be sure that they were very pleased to see us.

At once they sat down to the table and gave us nice cold milk and strawberries.

After they brought us out to see

herries.

After they brought us out to see the cows, horses, chickens, etc.

But what surprised me most was four spotted kittens which frisked and played about.

About six o'clock we started back home, just in time to see our aunt who had come from New York to spend a few weeks wit hus.

ANGIE WHITE, Age 15.

# Stafford Springs.

"Please Gat It Now." Please hand me some water, brother, you't you? asked a little sick girl. "In a minute, Bettie" said Harry.

"In a minute, Bettie" said Harry, and his hands went on as busy as ever with the trip he was making.

Bettle's fevered cheek was again pressed to the pillow, and Harry forgot her request.

"Please get it now, brother" and her voice was very feeble. But Harry heard it and ran for the water, and soon was holding the cup to his sister's lips.

"Not this, please, but some fresh and cool water from the well," and she

"Not this, please, but some fresh and cool water from the well," and she turned her head languidly away, "O, don't be so particular! This is fresh; and I am so busy, I cannot go to the well, now. Won't this do?" "Bettie no longer refused but quietly took the cup Harry offered her. It was the last time she ever called upon her brother for an act of kindness, for the next day Bettie died. Harry was a kind-hearted boy, and dearly loved his sister, but he did not think she would die. But this did not take away the sting of that last unkindness.

take away the sting of that last unkindness.

"O. Mother!" he would say, "if I
had only brought that cold water for
her, I could bear it; but now I can
neves ask her forgiveness, nor wait
on her again!"

Think of this children, when you are
tempted to quarrel, to be selfish or unkind, that you never have to mourn
as Harry did.

LILIAN E. KARKUTT, Age 18
Norwich.

# How Dorothy Spent the Fourth.

One year I spent the Fourth of July with much happiness. My three brothers, father, mother, four cousins, aunt, uncle and I all met at my grandaunt, uncle and I all met at my grand-ma's to spend a happy Fourth.

We lit little five crackers and throw them off to see them burst in fire.

We also broke them open and then lit them to see the sparks fy. I threw my torpedoes on a rock to hear them say, "Bang! bang!" as I threw them in ranid succession.

my torpedoes on a rock to hear them say, "Bang! bang!" as I threw them in rapid succession.

We children all went to William's Pond, about an eighth of a mile above thera.

Then we had luncheon. It consisted of sandwiches, tea, coffee, cake and some of the good pies my grandma makes.

After visiting and playing, "I spy," "Yards Off," and many other good games, ended by a game of "Croquet", we all went home.

We had had a happy Fourth.

DOROTHY McCALL, Age 16.

Leonard Bridge.

The Robin's Nest. One day I was taking a walk near the river. On a tree in a low branch I saw a bird's nest. It was made of mud, and lined with hay and straw. And in it were four blue aggs.

I went down the next day and to my surprise I found four little birds in the nest. I came heme and got in the nest so the birds mother could feed them.

MARY GORMAN Are I.

# MARY GORMAN, Age 7.

Picking Cherries. Thursday my brother and I went out to pick cherries. While my brother was up the tree, I stood below and when he dropped any cherries I picked them up. Sometimes he would drop me a bunch. We picked two palls fail and came home.

GNES KAMINSKI AS 11.

It twice and he saw the crazy man in pursuit.

Joey shipped around the corner and crossing a street slid into a short side street, but before he was one-third through it the crazy man was in sight—hot on his trail, and there was no questioning the fact he was running twice as fast as Joey could, and there seemed to be no escape. He slipped into a yard to cross to another street and as he was climbing the fence he was an outhouse close to it and he

shouted; "Lu-lu-ab!" and the lunatic halted

and looked his way. Then he shouted twice and he saw the crazy man in

Joey Joy, A Rollicking Boy

A Chase He Didn't Enjoy.

That story excited in the mind of Joey a feeling of wonder and doubt, and he thought he should like to test the she bears after him, for he thought they might nose human tracks like a dog, and then escape would not be so it to see if it was true, and he was always looking for a baid-headed man going up a hill to shout after in order to fetch out the bears. going up a hill to shout after in order to fetch out the bears.

Joey did not want to be torn by she bears and as they would have to eatch him before they could tare him he was guessing he could give them quite a run for their game; but the combination of a bald-headed man and a hill and a wood was never seen by

combination of a bald-headed man and a hill and a wood was never seen by Joey, so he had no chance to find out whether she bears would give him comfort and the samins of the city of Jericho.

Joey met a chum one day and he should out a crazy man to him and told him if he wanted to have some fun he should cry out to him "Lu-lu-ah!" three times and he would give him chase. as any wrong doer who ever fled from justice, and had no assurance of safe-ty. He waited, and ached, and sweat, ty. He waited, and ached, and sweat, and was glad when the sun went

shouted: "Boy! What have you been doing there? "How do you know?" said Joey.
"Did you ever try it?"
"I never did," replied his chum, "for I was afraid to, he might catch me."
"Not if you got a good start first,"
"bseryed Joey.

If Joey couldn't get the she bears to chase him, he thought there might be
When he got home his mether and went far out of his way through other streets so he should not meet the wild man whom he had offended and who had chased him.

If Joey couldn't get the she bears to chase him, he thought there might be something exciting by being chased by a crazy man. He often met the lunatic, but he wanted to be sure the distance between them was enough to give him a good start. One afternoon just after dinner Joey saw his crazy man at one end of a city street, and he was at the other end, the distance seemed safe, and the experiment inviting. Joey shouted; "What is who had a who had a who had a whom had a wanted to a city street the safe, and the experiment inviting. In the chase him, he thought there might be wanted to another the country and he was at the other end, the distance seemed safe, and the experiment inviting. Joey shouted; "What is something the chase of the country and the country When he got home his mother wanted to know where he had been, and he replied:
"Oh, I've been out having lots of

ing ?"
"I've been playing hide and seek!" he "What makes you so late?" she ask-

"Yes, ma'am," said Joey, and cer-tainly for the next year he did not get in sight of the crazy man he had of-fended.

UNCLE SAM.

There was one story in the Bible that was fixed in the mind of Joey Joy, and he grew up wondering if it was really true. It was the story about the naughty children of Jericho who were led by their curiosity to follow the prophet Elisha after the mantle, or except the hounds—he did not feel the crazy man sprang over the fence. He didn't stop, but went on, and Joey Joy felt like a fox or a hare that has escaped the hounds—he did not feel Sure what his next move should be. He didn't move, but sat there and He didn't move, but sat there and was alone with his thoughts. He was full of fear and wondering how he was to get safely home when the crazy man came back, apparently searching for him, and when he was within ten feet of him looking here and there for tracks Joey thought he should drop. He did not hardly dare breathe, and it was a relief when his pursuer climbed over the fence and disappeared. He felt glad he had never had a chance to call after a bald-headed man and get

able, but it was safe, and he had to spend a beautiful afternoon there in misery, for he could not convince himwas safe to come out except under the cover of night, so he stayed there, paying the price of his foolish-ness. Being alone with his conscience

He crept out at last and a woman

"You don't look it!" said his observ-g Ma. "What have you been do-

Joey said he had got far from home and was tired so he didn't hurry back.
"Well," cautioned Mrs. Joy, "do not go so far from home again that you will be late to your swpper! Do you

He had learned it did not pay to call out to lunatics because someone told

A few days later Brave beat Cotton-tail and thus they changed first one then the other. Which of these was the real victor? Could you tell me? MYRON RINGLAND, Age 14.

Dear Uncle Jed:—I have my summer vacation now. I passed all my examinations so when I go back to high school I will be in the second The commercial graduates from our

gave out the bouquets. Most of the boquets were large red and white

The Party. Dear Uncle Jed: - I went to a birth